



THE MAGICAL FUMES

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“Y'all doin' bad, not prioritizing business and health
Take care of self and you shall receive unlimited wealth
Trust, you cannot be on top when you lookin' all sloppy
Fuck what you got, you better watch what you put in your body
Remember when a nigga couldn't step foot in the lobby
We was homeless children
Now we on the building
I hit the road and brought home a million
Understand, I got fans in Japan at the Golden Pavilion
My money stack from the floor to the ceiling
Yeah, I rap, but I'm a boss that interact with the soldiers and villains
I wear a plain Daytona when chillin'
When the value increases after you wear it, it's a whole different feeling
Could care less 'bout a ho in her feelings
If I get sick, I'm holistic, need no penicillin
They want me smoked for reasons unknown
Keep my pistol with my like the keys to my home
I was fourteen, doing things on my own
Bought my first foreign servin' fiends on my phone
You can't plant a seed and then leave when it grows
You gotta nurture the land to further expand
Can't build something from the ground without dirt in your hand”

38 Spesh – Can't Show Love pt. 2

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1. The Magical Fumes

The Thora's Kitshin windows and doors locked

The magical fumes out through the chimney

Being 'hungry' is the only requirement

For all authors to come into the kitchen

Be part of the fam, where there are

Chefs Cooking Food For Thoughts

It's Thora's Kitshin

Full of agricultural scientists

Jamaican chefs and non-beefing poets

The diet is from Dr.Sebi

These books heal the bleeding wounds

These fumes so magical

Bringing vibes that are musical

Nipsey Hussle with a 38 special

Music like the thunderstorm when we jamming to 38 Spesh

But during our meal times

Che Noir at the background, food for thoughts

Boss mindset like Rick Ross

But Griselda Blanco kinda of a boss

The magical fumes

These are the signs from the universe

Algorithms of ideas connecting
I have goals big like a Brazilian football player
I struggled at first, no one had mercy for me
Became a king because I was hungry like a lion
Now I am pledging to myself
I'm gonna make a difference
In this education system
Fight against a socio-economic challenge of illiteracy
I was born blind and left in the dark
Still, I saw clearly the bigger picture
Born with linguistic barriers like stuttering
It's funny like Mr.Bean how
I put all my efforts and became a best reader
I was born cold and cold-hearted
Seven days spent in incubator
I warmed up, it took a couple of years
I started with baby steps, like sparking a joint
Now I write poems for psychiatrist
Steering on my white three-legged pot
Cooking these green vegetables that they don't like
The magical fumes at Thora's Kitshin

2. The Dark Shadows

Crawling downwards the hills

Let's call it a day and eternal night

A summer day has been long enough, it feels

Armageddon war is a spiritual fight

To be had

in the bed

and after death.

Manifesting as tears-dropping laughter

I end up caught in suicidal regrets

Philosophising about my son and my daughter

Gambling is bad, but what's worse in life are untaken bets

These dark shadows flowing down like floods

Dark red floods of innocent bloods

There is no car accident on the road to the graveyard.

Only

Overfloating bulks

Of dark shadows.

3. Clean pots

The three-legged black pots

Pots with missing lids

Lying irregular on the floor

Only God was a judge

Until my cousin stepped into that courtroom

Clean pot but dirty ashtrays

Smoking local weed

Laced with the real grandpa

Low, alone and lonely

I got high, higher and reminisced about my late grandpa

No food parcel from Nathi Mthethwa

No leftovers from Mzwakhe Mbuli

No spoilt rotten food at Gcina Mhlophe's bin

Thora's nation dying of hunger

I'm busy now at Thora's kitshin

Like a Zulu man cooking a goat's head

Chef cooking food for thoughts

It was my day to cook

Clean pots, but my book dirty

I had lines longer than grandpa's one

They all had to read in order to eat

The very first time

Barbarian finished his food

“Uum, this is food is delicious, we’ve been missing out

Forgive us, we didn’t know” fam said

I gave them more and here is some more

Clean pots

We don’t cook, we write instead, in this kitchen.

4. Talking To Us.

Talking To Us.

Gone are the great days

God good in practical ways

Why the bad things happen to the good people?

I must be a slow learner

There are life lessons I haven't been able to understand

Me too, I think I am short-tempered

There are tests of time I couldn't stand

I just accepted my narcissistic traits

When I got mad at people like I was a creator

Moved on with my life

Like forward was the only direction

Moved on by myself

Like I never had grandparents or siblings

Cousins and friends

A girlfriend good people!

Alpha and Omega Herself, Queen Thora

The permanent citizens of [#Thoronation_SA](#)

People reading my poems since day one

From Sithiweni > Mvenyane and Sweet Matat at large

I am talking to us

All of us, but no one is around

I wish to say "I care"

but I know how fake that will sound

At least, I am still alive

Laughing in tears of joy

I can't believe I'm still around

I burnt that final note, I'm proud of myself

I appreciate small things

This moment feels big to me

I am here and I am.....

Talking To Us

5. My Time.

I'd rather tweet to Elon Musk

Than to talk to y'all

That's not a right way to deal with it?

Grandpa passed on the 08th August 2014

But I haven't healed from it

Time, are you there?

Or I'm hallucinating and the reality is delusional?

Sometimes, I think time is lost

A compass without direction

As I once said 'a frozen clock'

Right time will you ever come?

I don't mind meeting you halfway

It's been a roughest and longest time for real

This is my time

I've been criticized for a bad poetry.

This is my time to rhyme

Been cold and in the dark

Since I was born and left there

Listening to Immortal Techniques

Been dying of hunger of writing and thirsty to shine

Let me indulge now, you wonder what's time is this?

Its my time to shine

6. Snowball effect.

1 2 3, going up like upstairs

4 5 6, the order so orderly

I landed here like the snowflakes

Stacked up, dominated and became disastrous like snow

Snowball effect

Fell in love with poetry at a young age

Writing some truly love poems

The love I had was for all and only poets

I was Thora then, I'm Tour Orah now

Cops raided my crib, my privacy rights violated

I was just cooking in the kitshin

From poetic entanglement to true love

Now I am married to the Thora nation

1 2 3, going up like the petrol prices

4 5 6 7, going beyond like the global crisis

My teacher was my plug, so I learnt a lot

Business studies and business operations of some sort

Only my real comrades know that Matthew Goniwe made me

Resilience and perseverance, Matthew effect couldn't faze me

Now I am an education advocate and literacy activist

SASCO and SACP from day one, I never lost my snowball in the mist

Snowball effect.

7. Sex Money Weed.

Sex 🍎 Money 🏠 Weed 🌿

Snow covered Sweet Matat

Six winters and seven summers

I had to be a King

So, I had to have Queens

If Queens weren't loyal

One thing for sure

That Mandela paper was loyal

No switching mood and no playing mind games

I had a dream of six-digits in my heart

So, I had to not sleep for seven days and seven nights

Picked up a pen, had to write poems like

Therapeutic and Traumatic poems 2022

Confessions of a Dangerous Heart 2021

Here is me: Other and collected poems 2020

Write right, wright?

I knew I'm a man forever, didn't feel weak

Felt like that was an initiation week

I had to do it, for the culture not the fame

I had Chinese eyes, still saw a bigger picture

Snow covered Sweet Matat

Everyone icy like in Iceland

Spliftail spicy more than oxtail

Everything green like in Greenland

Teaching Environmental Science lessons like

"The greener, the healthier, the better"

Lockedown level six I was locked in the basement at Bhongweni prison

Six winter and seven summers

I remained the highest in the building

Jah Tour Orah, thee Most High

Couldn't chase people running away

Busy chasing papers like a madman

Keeping them close even in my dreams

"Money is the only thing that is honest"

Rick Ross said well

Bobb, my Logic says

Men lie, women lie but numbers don't

A historian reminded me my hi(s)tory

I pictured that good kid, from this mad city

An economist had an opinion

Of how I was a young dumb and broke high school kid

A social worker, psychologist and therapist begged to differ

They just all know me from a different era

That was before I diagnosed with depression

And became an addict of unhealthy anti-depressants

Like what Buddha did for Buddhism

I had to find Toura for my nation

I live by the slogan

Of my lifetime plan, so focused

Sex money weed

I'm motivated by 38 Spesh – sex money drugs

I'm trying to build my own publishing company

Call it Thora's Kitchen

Chefs Cooking Food For Thoughts

Thank you so much for reading this piece of work. Please download the book and share the link as much as possible. The All Voices Matter poetry submission is open until 18 March 2023, submit your poems now! This book is dedicated to all the contributors of AVM 2023, as I decided to work on it as a way of promoting a AVM poetry book. THANK YOU SO MUCH, @Thoranation_SA and to all people who have been supporting me. You are all highly appreciated fam, from at home at Sithiweni, Mvenyane and Matatiele at large. Here at Makhanda, Rhodes University community, comrades, Activators, educators, colleagues, friends, family and the last but not least, stonners - Jah bless I mighty. I see you all, mostly important, I THANK YOU. Don't forget to submit your own poems for a publication as well.

My other books can be accessed via the links below:

<https://archive.org/details/here-is-me-other-and-collected-poems.-sim-dlephu-3>

<https://archive.org/details/confessions-of-a-dangerous-mind-sm-dlephu-2> .

<https://archive.org/details/therapeutic-and-traumatic-poems-sm-dlephu-library-archieve.docx-1-1>

Let's connect

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